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Junior Recital: Brittany Powell, soprano

Brittany Powell

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Powell, Brittany, "Junior Recital: Brittany Powell, soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3856.
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Junior Recital:
Brittany Powell, soprano

Matt Holehan, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday October 12th, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sono unite a tormentarmi
Cara, cara e dolce

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Der Gärtner
Elfenlied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Chacun le sait
from: *La fille du Régiment*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Intermission

Mots d'amor
Écrin
Mignonne

Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

Waterbird
Will There Really Be a Morning?
Screw Spring

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Translations

Sono unite a tormentarmi

Sono unite a tormentarmi,
Fiera sorte e crudo amor.
Con lusinghe e non con l'armi,
Fanno guerra a questo cor.

They have United to Torment me

They have united to torment me,
Proud fate and cruel Love.
With charms and not weapons,
They make war on this heart.

Cara, Cara E Dolce

Cara e dolce libertà,
L'alma mia consoli tu.
Più non vive in servitù
S'il mio cor
Sciolto s'en va.
Vola fuggi pure, fuggi pur da me,
Faretrato Dio d'amor.
E già libero il mio cor
Se più lacci il pié non ha.

Dear and Sweet Freedom

Dear and sweet freedom,
You bring comfort to my soul.
It no longer lives in servitude
If my heart has been
Freed from its chains.
Fly, flee then, flee then from me,
Cupid with your arrows.
My heart is already free
If my feet are no longer bound.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach, nien!
Sorglich strahlt' ich
Meine krausen locken
Täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen,
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach, nein!
Hören muss ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange.
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach, nein!

In the Shadow of my Curls

In the shadow of my curls
My love has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!
Carefully I comb
My frizzy curls
Daily in the morning,
But vain is my effort,
Because the winds them tousele.
Hair shadows, Wind's whistle,
Put my beloved to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!
I must hear, how he suffers,
That he languishes already so long,
That to him life would give and take
This my brown cheek.
And he calls me his snake,
And yet by me he went to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiß wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.
Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold.
Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!
Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der
Wächter rief: Elfe!
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen
Im Walde schlief
Wohl um die Elfe!
Und meint es rief ihm aus
Dem Thal bei seinem
Namen di Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reipt sich der Elf' die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Unt ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan;
Und humpelt also, tippe, tapp,
Durch's Haselholz
In's Tal hinap,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm
Licht an Licht.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen
Bei'm Mahle,
Und treiben's in dem Saale.
Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!'"
Pfui, stößt den Kopf
An harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

The Gardener

On her little horse,
As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.
The way on the little horse
Runs away so prettily,
The sand that I strewed,
It sparkles like gold.
You rose-colored little-hat,
Indeed up and indeed down,
Oh throw a feather
Surreptitiously downward!
And if you want in return
A blossom for me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all for it!

The Elf Song

A night in the village the
Watchman cried: Eleven!
A very small elf
In the wood slept
Just at the eleventh hour!
And thinks, there called him from
The Valley by his
Name the Nightingale,
Or Silpelit may have called him.
Rubs himself the elf the eyes open,
Comes out of his snail-house,
And is like a drunken man,
Who has not quite finished his nap;
And hobbles then, tipsy, tap,
Through the hazelwood
In the valley below,
Slipping away close by the wall,
There sits the glowworm
Light by light.
"What are those bright little windows?
There must be a wedding inside;
The little people are sitting
At the meal,
And doing something in the hall.
Then peek I just a little in!"
Ouch! He hit his head
On the hard stone!
Elf, well, have you had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Chacun le Sait

Chacun le sait,
Chacun le dit,
Le régiment par excellence
Le seul à qui
L'on fass' crédit
Dans tous les cabarets de France.
Le régiment: en tous pays
L'effroi des amants des maris,
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!
Il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, le voilà
Le beau Vingt-unième!
Il a gagné tant de combats,
Que notre empereur, on le pense,
Fera chacun de ses soldats,
À la paix,
Maréchal de France!
Car, c'est connu le régiment
Le plus vainquer,
Le plus charmant,
Qu'un sexe craint,
Et que l'autre aime.
Il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, le voilà
Le beau Vingt-unième!

Mots d'amour

Quand je te dis
Des mots lassés,
C'est leur douleur
Qui fait leurs charmes!
Ils balbutient, et c'est assez,
Les mots ont des larmes.
Quand je te dis
Des mots fougues,
Ils brûlent mon cœur
Et mes lèvres,
Ton être s'embrase avec eux,
Les mots ont des fièvres.
Mais quels qu'ils soient,
Les divins mots,
Les seuls mots
Écoutes des femmes,
Dans leurs soupirs
Ou leurs sanglots,
Les mots ont des âmes.

Everyone knows it

Everyone knows it,
Everyone says it,
The regiment par excellence
The only one to which
Everyone gives credit to
In all the taverns of France.
The regiment in all countries
The terror of lovers of husbands,
But with a beauty most supreme!
It is there, the devil!
There it is, good Lord!
It is there, there it is
The grand Twenty-first!
It has won so many battles,
That our Emperor, one would think,
Will make everyone of its soldiers,
In the peace time,
A marshal of France!
For, its well known the regiment,
The most victorious,
The most charming,
That one sex fears,
And the other loves.
It is there, the devil!
There it is, good Lord!
It is there, there it is
The grand Twenty-first!

Words of Love

When I speak to you
With weary words,
It is their sadness
That gives them charm!
They hesitate, and it is enough,
The words have tears.
When I speak to you
With fiery words,
They burn my heart
And my lips,
Your being is caught in their flame,
The words have passion.
But whatever they may be,
The divine words,
The only words
That women hear,
In their sighs
Or in their sobs,
The words have souls.

Écrin

Tes yeux malicieux
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.
Leurs purs reflets délicieux
Égaient l'humeur la plus grimaude.
Dans leurs filets capricieux
Ils ont pris mon cœur
En maraude...
Tes yeux malicieux
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.
Tes lèvres de satin
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses,
Un fruit savoureux qui se teint
De rayonnements de tendresse.
Et ton baiser, comme un lutin,
Verse d'ineffables
Ivresses...
Tes lèvres de satin
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses.
Ton âme est un bijou
Le diamant de ma couronne;
C'est le plus délicat joujou
De mon amour qu'elle enfleuronne;
C'est le parfum qui
Me rend fou,
Le doux charme
Qui m'environne...
Ton âme est un bijou
Le diamant de ma couronne!

Mignonne

Mignonne, allons
Voir si la rose,
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée
Et son teint au vostre pareil.
Las! Voyez comme en
Peu d'espace,
Las! Las! Elle a dessus
La place
Ses beautés laissées choir
O vraiment marastre
Nature,
Puisqu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusqu'au soir.
Donc, si vous m'en
Croyez, Mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne
Dans sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse!
Comme à ceste fleur la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté.

Jewel Box

Your mischievous eyes
Are the color of emeralds.
Their pure delightful sparkle
Enlivens the darkest mood.
In their fickle snares
They have captured
My heart...
Your mischievous eyes
Are the color of emeralds.
Your satin lips
Are a nest of burning caresses,
A delicious fruit tinted
With rays of tenderness.
And your kiss, like a teasing sprite,
Gives rise to inexpressible
Ecstasies...
Your satin lips
Are a nest of burning caresses.
Your soul is a jewel
The diamond in my crown,
The most delicate plaything
Of my love that it decorates,
It is the perfume that
Drives me mad.
The sweet charm
That encircles me...
Your soul is a jewel
The diamond in my crown!

Sweetheart

Beloved, come let us
See if the rose,
That had this morning unveiled
Her robe of scarlet to the sun,
Has lost, this evening
Any of the folds of her scarlet robe
And her blush, so like yours.
Alas! See how in so
Short of time,
Alas! Alas! See how in
This place
Its beauties have all faded
Oh truly Nature is
A cruel stepmother,
When such a flower lives
Only from morning until evening.
So, if you believe
Me, my darling,
While your age still flowers
In its most verdant freshness,
Gather, gather your youth!
For, just as this flower has faded
Old age will wither your beauty.

Waterbird

Waterbird, waterbird gently afloat know you my yearning for places remote?
Waterbird, waterbird under the sea, keep you a kingdom for sleepers like me, keep you
a kingdom for sleepers like me?

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Will there really be a morning? Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains if I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like waterlilies? Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries of which I have never heard?
Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim where that place called Morning, where that place called
Morning lies!
Will there really be a morning? Is there such a thing as day?

Screw Spring

Screw spring.
I'm the only thing not blooming.
The arrowhead plant, so carelessly potted, is growing goddammit.
Even the jonquils bought for one dinner, are not quite dead.
Under the bed the dust is as thick as wool on spring sheep, which are undoubtedly
grazing where grass is growing at an enviable rate.
Screw spring.
My boyfriend's taken to getting up early.
He goes out to see plants pushing their way out of the ground, and flowering, and sits
by some chartreuse tree in the sun breathing air as sweet as berry wine, watching girls
pass.
Their faces are rested from sleeping alone all winter.
Screw spring.
I wish it were winter, when the world's this one room.
These walls, this bed do not grow.

Upcoming Events

October

- 13** - Ford - 8:30pm - Choral Reunion (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 14** - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 15** - Ford - 8:15pm - African Drumming and Dance Ensemble
- 16** - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 22** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 25** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
- 28** - Hockett - 5:00pm - Jaekook Kim, tenor
- 29** - Nabenhauer - 8:15pm - Octubafest Solo Recital
- 30** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
- 31** - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
- 31** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

- 2** - Ford - 8:15pm - **Family Weekend:** Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 3** - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 4** - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Choral Concert (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 5** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 11** - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble